

I Am the Reverse

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Summary: A short piece detailing a random murder by Eobard Thawne, the Reverse Flash. No particular place in the timeline, just me experimenting with writing a murder scene, though in this case a murder by one of the best villains of the DC Universe.

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Kristin Anne had lived a life of routines, and today should have been no different. She had woken up to the same alarm at the same time (7 in the morning), gotten herself dressed for work in the same style of clothing, boarded the same, 7.45 bus that went down the same route to the same office building. She had gone over the same reports as last week, had the same sandwich for lunch and left the office at the same time as every other day (5.30 in the evening).

But as she walked along the same abandoned alley that took her to the same diner where she had the same diner, it would become apparent that this day, unlike other days, would end in both a similar and yet, entirely different way.

She would, like all days, go to sleep. But unlike other days, this was the sleep from which she would not wake.

For today was the day of her death.

"No Katie, I left my drive on the desk. Could you please help me keep it? You know how the boss hates those kinds of things," said Kristin, her hand reaching for the door handle of the diner.

And then, it happened. A flash of blue light, a streak of red lightning, and suddenly Kristin came face to face with a man in

yellow. In her fright, she dropped the phone.

"Wha- where am I?" said the mysterious yellow-clad stranger.

"National City. Your the Flash aren't you?" Kristin could not help herself. Being part of the National City Flash Fan Club, she had always wanted to meet the speedster. But, somewhere deep down, she knew something was wrong, for the reports had said the Flash was clad in scarlet red, not yellow.

"What did you call me? You... you think I'm the Flash?" said the figure, a mixture of mirth and venom in his distorted voice.

"Well, aren't you? Name's Kristin Anne. Always been a big fan of your work, Mr. Flash."

Somehow, these words caused the yellow speedster to explode into rage, and before she could blink, she found herself pinned against the wall, the man in yellow holding her tightly by the throat.

"Me? You compare me with him, the Flash, the greatest liar in all history? Oh no, sweetheart, I am nothing, NOTHING like the Flash. And to prove it to you, here's a taste of the true Speed Force."

His free hand raised, Kristin realised a split second before it happened, what this demon would do.

She felt his hand slam deep into her chest, felt the electricity jolt through her heart and into every nerve, and before she took her last, she heard his voice, unaltered. It was soft, like a bed of roses, yet possessed some sharp edge, as if within that bed contained a single dagger. A dagger in the shape of his hand jutting into her heart.

"I am not the Flash, Ms. Anne. In time, your people will think of me as the Reverse.

Without any screams, without any witnesses, Kristin Anne fell to the floor, dead.

Eobard Thawne sighed as he stood over the bitch's dead body. He had momentarily lost control, and would now have to fix everything. Using his super speed, he hid all the evidence, ensured there were no other witnesses, and zoomed off into the night, hunting for his greatest nemesis.

Barry Allen. The Flash.

End
file.